UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to send lists of trial names. We offer liberal premiums for any number of trial subscriptions from one up; particulars sent on application.

Editorial.

THE soul's disquietude must be cured by more disquietude. The infallible remedy for the ills of thought is more thought. The only way out of the woods of doubt is through them. A man may not enter again his mother's womb, said Jesus. Neither can he again shrink back into the faiths of infancy. Never again can he establish vital connections between his thinking life and the thoughtless creed; the umbilical cord is severed and no longer can nutriment be conveyed from mother church or the dying past.

A WRITER in the Brooklyn *Standard Union* lately took occasion to observe the kind of reading matter in the hands of the working girls employed at a manufacturing establishment near by. One was reading Auerbach's "On the Heights," another a Life of Martin Luther, and a third more nearly equalled expectation by being absorbed in the pages of a yellow-covered romance, "The Star of Love." Many thoughtful observers must have had an experience similar to this, and it is very plain that a sensible change is taking place among all classes in respect to the choice of reading matter. The best is within the reach of all, and the majority prefer the best.

THE *Methodist Recorder* accounts for the success of the Salvation Army in two ways, attributing it first to the English love of the military spirit, the half patriotic feelings that are aroused by the methods and usages of war,—and religion we know, as Madame de Stale says, is not peace, but conquest. —The second reason assigned is in reality part of the first, love of the principle of obedience to a superior officer. Both these reasons for success in England become reasons for the comparative failure of the movement in this country.

ONE of our orthodox exchanges calls attention to a new work on the Bible, written by Dr. Rossiter, a pastor in New York, commending the same. The title of the work is at least striking and has some alliterative merit. The "The Red Cord from Creation to Christ." The different chapters have similar headings: "Keep your eye fixed on the man who has the promise;" "The man with the promise freed from the land of Egypt;" "The man with the promise gets the land;" "The man so long promised, is born;" "Christ, the promised, one, blessing all nations." These titles, we are told, show how skilfully the child is conducted through the Bible story along the line of God's promise.

THE ancients thought that a man's dreams were more sacred than his waking thoughts. The last are of the earth, the first of heaven. Modern science catches the truth beneath the fancy and recognizes that the dreams of the boy measure the possibilities of the man; the ideals of the young are the threads out of which the fabric of life must be woven. "Happy is the man," said Robertson, "who has been true to the ideals of his youth, who has been strong enough in real life to work out the plan which pleased his childish thought; who is not ashamed of his first enthusiasm, but looks back to it with natural piety as the parent of what he now is. Sad is the lot of him to whom the sun of hope has set, whose enthusiasms have been chilled into prudence and the disinterested dreams have been fettered with a selfish economy that distrusts everything but the conventional."

WE read with mingled amusement and incredulity that Rev. Joseph Parker is "greatly incensed" because the Congregational Council did not offer prayers for him during his recent illness while that body was in session. It would indeed have been an honor to be prayed for by so distinguished a gathering, though we have no warrant for supposing a petition from such a source would be more respected than from the reverend doctor's humblest parishioner. The neglected divine ascribes the omission to the Calvinistic prejudices of some of his brethren, and accuses them of being more concerned about their own orthodoxy than "the simplest decencies of civilization." We should think Mr. Parker's own orthodoxy rather questionable if he means to reduce prayer to one of the "decencies" of life only. But evidently his recovery was not dependent on little attentions of this sort, and the energetic preacher lives, without thanks to his professional brethren. The right to speak a plain opinion of them need not therefore be refrained from.

REV. H. H. BROWN, of Salem, Oregon, writes a friendly letter, in which he tells us something of his missionary labors in the far West, and how in one place the seed of liberal religion planted by some P. O. M. worker, fell on soil the more receptive that it had been quickened by the weekly words of UNITY, subscribed for by a man who on reading a specimen copy sent to him, declared that was the only religious paper he ever cared for, and he meant to have it regularly. The opportunity is great, Mr. Brown tells us, and calls for earnest men and women to do the work, those with "the zeal of the Methodist circuit-rider of forty years ago."

THE principles of unity and a widening human fellowship grow in favor every day. Perhaps the most noticeable recent illustration is the invitation extended by the Catholic Abstinence Convention to Miss Frances E. Willard to attend its late meeting at Washington as delegate. She did so, received a cordial welcome and took part in the deliberations of the convention. Miss Willard expresses much gratification and hopefulness for the general work of temperance in the united effort here inaugurated, of the Catholic and Protestant bodies. She quoted the closing words of Father O'Brien: "I thank God I live in the day of a new liberty when Catholics and Protestants can forget their differences and combine against the common foe that curses all our homes. I thank God that, though we can not kneel at a common religious altar, we can kneel at the altar of a common patriotism." Father Cleary, of Kenosha, and three women delegates were appointed to attend the next session of the National W. C. T. U. One of the features of the Washington convention was the endowment of a Father Mathew chair in the university, the cost of the endowment being $25,000, all of which has been raised.

SCIENCE as well as history proves that the upward look is rewarded. Nature as well as man is a climber. This forward push helped the animal doff his scales and don his feathers, and thus the reptile became a bird. By patient upreachings the clumsy body, the web-foot and the weak wing were transformed into the buoyant frame and the strong pinion, and the duck became an eagle, glorying in the precipice, familiar with the cloud, building his eyrie in the home of the lightning. Ἀναρρέπειν, "To look up," is the root of the Greek word Ἄνθρωπος; and it is the motto of the universe as well as the fundamental characteristic of man. The nebular masses looked up and were lifted into astronomic order and formulated into geologic solidity. Grotesque though mighty reptiles wallowing in primeval marshes "looked up," and in due time they climbed the ladder of being and won the perfect mechanism of horse and hound. The root-eating and cave-dwelling man by virtue of his upward looking instincts won the heights of Beethoven, Raphael and Shakspeare, Isaiah and Jesus. There was a touch of the old Calvinism still haunting the brain of Darwin when he called his great book the "Descent" instead of the Ascent of man.

EMERSON says, "When God lets loose a thinker upon the earth the devils tremble," and Carlyle rhymes the thought by saying, "A thinking man is the worst enemy of the prince of darkness. Every time such a one announces himself there runs a shadow through the nether empire." Leave the thought chambers of the soul vacant and its virtues collapse under a pressure of passion and appetite, as the body would collapse from the pressure of the atmosphere from without, were that withdrawn from the inner chambers. He who does not, who dares not think upon all problems of earth and heaven is not a man though he may be *anthropoid*, man-shaped, as some of the apes are. Thought throttles inebriety. It converts lust into love, changes bigotry into toleration and toleration into love.

Mr. Stead and the Prince of Wales.

The editor of the *Review of Reviews* publishes an elaborate summing up of the case of the Prince of Wales, a long and discriminating article commendatory in parts without being effusive, and severely critical without being either insolent or flippant. On the whole, it may be taken as expressing the calmer judgment of the most thoughtful minds in this country and in England.

The writer begins with the commonplace but grave statement that the prince "is now fifty years of age and a grandfather;" and then calls attention with melancholy sarcasm to the kind of man his Established subjects at least expect their future ruler to be, as set forth in the petitions for the reigning sovereign and the royal family in the Book of Common Prayer. On the small estimate that ten join the clergyman in this service, Mr. Stead computes "eighty millions of prayers offered up to God that he would endue the Prince of Wales with his Holy Spirit and enrich him with his heavenly grace." And as answer thereto we have, he says—"the Baccarat scandal of Tranby Croft."

He adds, however, that if the prince had never done anything worse than play at baccarat there would be little reason to complain; and in this connection he condemns unsparingly the hypocritical piety which has dealt so censoriously with this particular, and as he regards it, comparatively harmless feature of English social life, neglecting any mention of fundamental causes. Mr. Stead rejoices at any sign of growth in the sentiment against gambling, "one of the curses of our race;" but if we are in earnest about this matter we will begin elsewhere than with baccarat. Then follows this plain and startling statement: "In England there are only two popular gaming hells, the turf and the Stock Exchange." Mr. Stead thinks it something to be considered in this connection that the prince has never taken any very active interest in the speculations of the race-course. "In poli.

tics and in morals, as well as in war, everything depends on the psychological moment." By this Mr. Stead means that much of the recent excitement was due to a growth of popular sentiment against gambling, which on this particular point, was intense, and just also, but not wholly logical or self-consistent. If there was one section of the community that should have kept shamed silence here, says this courageous critic of his own household, it was the press. All the other professions and responsible factors of society frankly array themselves against this vice, to which the modern newspaper, ministering to a depraved public greed for news, continually panders.

Mr. Stead finds some mitigating features in the immediate case in hand, and urges, justly enough, that in so far as the prince stood for fair play he deserves commendation, not censure. "In the society over which he presided on that occasion, there is practically only one law. To cheat at cards is the only sin recognized as mortal. All manner of other sins and uncleanness are forgiven freely—but card-sharping—never." The prince, at least, deserves credit for preserving the single ethical standard left. The vulgar discredit of "hushing up" the matter is not his. The writer claims to speak on this subject on undisputed authority, as high, in reference to the alleged indebtedness of the heir apparent, as Sir Francis Knollys, the prince's private secretary, who is responsible for the statement that the prince could, if necessary, "pay tomorrow every farthing that he owes."

He speaks most thoughtfully when he investigates the causes which have led to the present state of things, placing at the head of English society a man who, when all that is possible has been said in his defense, is only a pleasure-loving man, with neither the taste nor brains to choose even his amusements wisely. The cause of this lies largely in the anomalous and useless relation the incoming monarch is obliged to sustain to his future subjects. He is the only man in England who has absolutely nothing to do, save in a ceremonial way. "Every human being has not only a natural inclination to sin, but also a very potent detestation of being bored." From morning to night the prince's life is one of ceremonious boredom, unrelieved by the knowledge of any real ends accomplished either for the throne or the people, and broken only by those seasons of recreation in which he follows his natural bent and amuses himself as we have seen. Mr. Stead thinks the prince's position is very like that of the fashionable woman's, which even fashion is slowly learning to distrust and condemn. "All that the world had to give of pomp and pleasure is his without effort . . . his whim, his caprice is law. . . . If he needs anything he touches a bell and a turnkey supplies his want. . . . An outside agency has superseded the struggle for existence by a turnkey providence, and the result is the man becomes month by month less of a man and more of a sloth."

Mr. Stead credits the prince with the wish to take a more active part in public affairs, but records his appointment as one of the Royal Commissioners on the Housing of the Poor as the only instance when this wish was respected, marveling at this single exception. Finally, Mr. Stead asks, "Is there a remedy?" and replies that everything here depends on the character of the prince, but is fearful a "fatty degeneration of the moral sense" has set in which precludes hope of change. He is at pains to add, however, that those who know the prince best have a more hopeful view on this point. With all his Hanoverian dullness he can not be wholly ignorant or careless of the character of the age in which he lives, the rapidly growing sentiment in favor of a decent and useful living even in royal households, and the increasing distaste for kings and princes in general. The Colonies and the Labor Commission both offer suitable fields of activity for one situated like the prince, Mr. Stead points out, who would also have Marlborough House, his city residence, "Sandringhamized;" praising the domestic kindliness and sense that reign at Sandringham, where the prince appears at his best. In fine, the question of a remedy is one the English people must help their coming ruler to solve. Mr. Stead laments the succession is not to fall to a woman, since England has always done well under her women sovereigns. Possibly the fact that the monarchy is so merely nominal makes a queen less anomalous and dangerous than a king, women are so accustomed to filling places of no practical importance. But the Prince of Wales is a man, therefore Mr. Stead finds the problems of himself and his position more immediate and practical, of a kind he can not solve alone. "Is it not time," he asks, "we began to endeavor to help him to fulfill our own prayers?"

C. P. W.

Cambridge Letter.

It has been said that outside of the university interests Cambridge is only a dormitory for Boston, a dormitory that offers unusual attractions during one's natural life and provides Sweet Auburn for the longer sleep that is to follow. Certainly in summer its claims to being a good sleeping place are not slight, for it dwells in a repose that challenges comparison with the veriest country village. Not only did the two or three thousand students vanish with the close of June, but up and down the streets, shaded by the century-old trees, house after house is closed, and the gray squirrels may scamper over the lawns with little fear of disturbance. True it is that numberless pilgrims invade the quiet of the few stay-at-homes. They visit the university buildings and rush through the avenues of Mt. Auburn with the tourist's desire to see the proper places and feel the proper emotions, all in a single hour. They stand outside the gate at Elmwood hoping for a glimpse of our poet, who is too ill just now to be either amused or annoyed by their extravagances. A year ago during the encampment week of the G. A. R. in Boston, they besieged the Longfellow House in such throngs that the police were obliged to protect the place from their inroads. The last last story that I heard of their observations was one of a small boy, who when he was invited to take a good look at the Longfellow House and was at the same time reminded that Washington had lived there, remarked thoughtfully, "Oh, I suppose that Longfellow owned the house and Washington boarded with him."

That reminded me of the time when another small, very small boy, whose mind may have been confused between the recent news of Longfellow's death and the celebration of Washington's birthday, asked his mother seriously, "Are you sorry that Mr. Longfellow is dead?" "Yes," answered the mother, surprised; "Well, so'm I, but I'm a good deal sorrier that George Washington is dead; I just *wish* he was n't." That boy's grammar and his historic sense seemed about evenly matched.

So we smile at our summer visitors, but I am very sure that they have good reason to smile at us in return. With what a patronizing air do we point out for the hundredth time the Washington Elm or the spot where the "chestnut tree" used to "spread"! We conceal obviously our regretful surprise at one who does not know the Common from the Quadrangle nor Memorial Hall from the Gymnasium. Secretly, however, we are delighted at every opportunity to show our familiarity with the attractions and history of our town, and when we know the pilgrims, when they are friends and we are sunning our souls in their desired presence, then they are not pilgrims at all, but belong to a higher order of beings entirely.

Of course the summer season does not begin until the excitement of Class Day and Commencement Week are fairly over. Commencement is no longer what it used to be when it came the third week in July and served as an ample excuse for a holiday to everybody. It has been said to have preserved then all the features of an English fair. Booths were put up on the common, and lemonade stands, flying horses and peepshows at a penny apiece did a feverish business for the day. These fascinations have disappeared, but the day is not altogether shorn of its glory, even to the outside barbarian. The governor still comes out from Boston in state, escorted by the brilliant Lancers and announced by the strains of stirring music. The horses prance and toss their heads, plumes wave, the uniforms glitter bravely in the morning sunlight and the state thus sets once more the seal of its approval on the great day of the university. It does n't even seem strange to hear the familiar words murmured by a spectator, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." Thus we remember the glory of June in the quiet of August, though indeed August has no need to encroach on any other month of the year for its charms. So long as the correspondence line of UNITY is set at a column and a half, however, it is useless to begin to describe them here.

It is impossible not to send longing thoughts across to Wisconsin this week and to hope you are having the same sunshine and clear, cool air that are making the week beautiful here.

E. E. M.

IT has been urged that Mr. Savage's catechism lays too little stress on, for example, the need of a war against the rum shop and the foes of man generally. A similar fault was found with Emerson. He was thought lukewarm in the anti-slavery movement. He was not much of a reformer, so far as reform means an assault on some sin. He did not spend his time in cutting out cancers. But how he did quicken life and so promote health and strength! And was not his method the truer one? The current language of much of philanthropic activity, with its personification of the evil elements in society and its appeal for volunteers to help assail the enemy in his stronghold,—all this is a survival of the old demonology. Cultivating temperance is one thing; demolishing intemperance is a very different thing.

H. D. M.

IT seems to me that the primary element of all religion is the faith that the end for which the whole universe of sense and thought, from the Milky Way to the lowest form of animal life, the end for which everything came into existence, is that the dim idea of *perfect holiness* which is found in the mind of man might be realized; that this idea is *God eternal* and the only reality; that the relation between this idea, which is God, and each individual, is religion.—*Arnold Toynbee.*

PERHAPS I do not know what I was made for; but one thing I certainly never was made for; and that is, to put principles on and off at the dictation of a party, as a lackey changes his livery at his master's command.—*Horace Mann.*

TO THE spiritual man virtue is an infinitude.—*F. W. Newman.*

Men and Things.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, has sailed for Cape Town in Africa. He is said to have a presentiment that he will never return, and has left a sealed letter designating his son, Bramwell Booth, as his successor.

THE *Independent* says of the second volume of Dr. Martineau's Essays, Reviews, Addresses, that the "series has the irresistible attraction of being the reflection of the inner ecclesiastical and religious life of modern Europe on a mind of high critical and philosophical power."

A VOLUME of lectures on ethics, by Mr. W. M. Salter, has been translated into German by Professor Georg von Gizycki under the title *Moralische Reden;* it includes five papers on such subjects as personal morals, morals for young people, and moral solutions of the labor problem. Leipzig: Wilhelm Friedrich.

WHITELAW REID is said to have begun his journalistic work at Xenia, Ohio, finishing off an obituary notice with the following phrase: "But while all Xenia to-day mourns the untimely end of her distinguished citizen, she rejoices in the thought that he has gone where there will be no surcease of sorrow."

REV. WILLIAM REED HUNTINGDON has lately published a work entitled "The Peace of the Church," containing lectures given by him as Bohlen lecturer in Philadelphia last year. Dr. Huntingdon was the one selected by his fellow-churchmen to take charge of the revision of the Prayer-book. He is said to be one of the most accomplished men in his denomination.

THE school committee of Boston having charge of the selection of text-books has voted to adopt "Black Beauty" for supplementary reading in the grammar schools. This useful little story has been translated into Italian by Mrs. Elizabeth Cavazza, of Portland, Me., an excellent and needed task, for the Italians are proverbial for their cruelty to animals.

AT the unveiling of the John Robinson memorial tablet at Leyden the American, English and Dutch flags were run up together while the band played in succession "The Star Spangled Banner," "God save the Queen," and the Dutch anthem. An exchange calls this a happy reunion of the descendants of the Pilgrims with the people which had sent them into banishment and the people who afforded them temporary shelter.

MR. GEORGE E. WOODBERRY, author of "The North Shore Watch and other Poems," and of a volume of critical essays, has been appointed to a chair of English in Columbia College. Mr. Woodberry is a native of Beverly, Mass., a graduate of Harvard, and is in his thirty-seventh year. He is one of the best critical writers in the country, a profound and earnest student; and the institute with which he has become identified can not but profit by the connection.

THE new Semitic Museum at Harvard College contains among original specimens 150 Babylonian clay tablets of the sixth century with cuneiform inscriptions, bought in part by the university, and in part the gift of friends. There are also, we learn, sixty-five stone seals, mostly Babylonian, used for commercial and religious purposes, twenty-five cubic stones containing Mohammedan mortuary inscriptions; a large collection of manuscripts, Hebrew, Syrian and Arabic, coins of different Oriental nations, photographs and casts of special value to the Biblical student.

ONE is reminded of the days of the famous Jubilee Singers when reading of the Native African Choir, now singing in London, and consisting of eighteen singers, men and women, from South Africa. They have a similar aim also, their purpose being, generally, to awaken interest in the education of Africans, and specifically for the establishment of a Technical School in Central South Africa, to which one third of the proceeds of their concerts will be devoted. They are all black but in differing degrees; they dress in native costume; and their picturesque appearance and wild, weird music is giving great delight in London.

AT the annual meeting of the New York State Sunday-school Convention, held at Saratoga last June, the statement was made that out of nearly 2,000,000 children of school age in the State, only about 800,000 are in Protestant Sunday-schools. Many others are in Catholic Sunday schools; but a large number attend no Sunday school, some of whom have never head of a Sunday-school and do not know who Christ is. The work of the Association in part is to reach these neglected places and plant Sunday-schools in them. One of the counties, Sullivan, was represented by a single delegate, a lad of thirteen, who came twenty-two miles across the mountains to meet and accompany the missionary to the convention. He was introduced to the convention, and the president, with his hand on his head, prayed for the divine blessing on him and on the work he proposes to undertake. He had asked of the missionary, "How can our school do the work? It has in its treasury only $1.50." When this fact was given to the convention the deficiency was promptly remedied.

Contributed and Selected.

Lines.

"THE LETTER KILLETH, BUT THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE."

A preacher of stern,
Implacable mood,
Taught only the God
He understood;

The need of faith
In the works of men,
The chipping off
Of commandments ten.

And he marveled much
As the years rolled by,
That no light shone through
The cheerless sky.

One day this good man,
Wrestling in prayer,
Awoke to the sense
That love was there.

He rose from his knees,
While the heaven-born air
Played round about him
Everywhere.

Then the words he spoke,
With a joy profound,
Encompassed the earth
With a gladdening sound.

J. M. F.

For Our Unitarian Women.

To all careful readers of UNITY, and to all Unitarians, readers or not readers, careful or careless, the Meadville Theological School is known; how well known is sufficiently doubtful to make the few following remarks reasonable if not rhythmical.

The most interesting facts about this school are that it is distinctively Unitarian; that its tuition, library and text-books are free to all; that it is in a quiet country town, where living expenses may be kept down to $120.00 a year; and that it is poor and needs professors, books, and therefore, *money*.

Poverty is not often graceful, tender, beautiful, but at Meadville it is all three, and something else besides—inspiring. Let any one doubting the assertion visit Meadville at any part of the school year, but most wisely at Commencement in leafy mid-June.

Then can be seen the joy, ardor and manly anticipation of the graduates, men and women, without prospects, without money, eager to set out and fight their battles for "the truth that has made them free." Equally impressive are the determination and subdued impatience of the undergraduates, who, after a hard year's work, long for a "Summer opening," which will give them experience and, possibly, the wherewithal for the next year's living.

In the presence of so much earnestness, so much self-denial, such forgetfulness of money and position, one overpoweringly feels the nobility of this single-hearted search for truth, and the supreme usefulness of this Theological School, which gathers within its wide-open gates the poor, perhaps the rich, but always the ardent-souled man or woman who is determined to learn and teach the Truth.

Pleasant, indeed, is this Meadville spirit! It is worthy of being increased; it is capable of being extended if the school is given more money. And now to come directly to the end for which all this has been said, why should not we women of the Unitarian stronghold co-operate and supply these needed funds? Co-operation has made our greatest public benefits possible;—schools, bridges, universities and countless others;—can not another instance of its vast results be assured to Meadville?

The men of our denomination may give their most, it is hoped they will, but the women must give their mite,—it is all they usually have to give. Some one, who is an authority, has said, "If every Unitarian in the country should give twenty-five cents, Meadville would be handsomely endowed."

The women of our denomination are an unknown number, for many who are of us, from circumstances can not be with us. In addition, the widest publicity given to an appeal could not promise to reach the notice of all. Therefore, it remains that those whose eye it meets should give, if possible, more than twenty-five cents. Undoubtedly there is not one of us, who could not, in true Meadville spirit, by self-denial contribute something towards this cause, thereby joining that all too small company of students, who in Pennsylvania are doing without now, so as to be gloriously doing in the future.

Appeals are difficult to make appealing. Yet there is a fine frenzy rolling between each of these lines if only all could feel it, caught by a visit to Meadville. Twenty-four hours in that choice atmosphere, which is purified by the earnestness and good will of students and professors alike, who are in very truth friends and brothers,—twenty-four hours there, and the most indifferent spirit would return to the busy haunts of life determined to stir up interest in, and raise money for the Meadville Theological School.

This is the writer's apologetic excuse, if any be needed, for adding to those eloquent and dignified appeals which have already gone forth from the American Unitarian Association, in behalf of Meadville. M. A. B.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

[Contributions in answer to this appeal may be sent to the Rev. William L. Chaffin, North Easton, Mass., Treasurer of the Meadville Endowment Fund.]

The Leisure of Reincarnation.

There is a delightful sense of roominess and leisure about some things in the Theosophistical theory of successive incarnations. For instance, we are told that all good things to be learned in this human condition *must* be learned, and all good things to be experienced must be experienced, so that we shall finally graduate complete. Whatever we don't do now we must come back and do in some future cycle.

Ah, well, it is quite a relief to be assured we can do so. I have grieved over many things undone, but I will chide myself no longer. I will do those things next time I come.

No longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear,
But take the thing that's to my mind,
And do the next next year.

This theory is far more agreeable than that advocated by Carpocrates in the third century, that souls must pass from body to body till they have *committed all sins*.

And its faith in a future compensating privilege is only equaled by that of the leisurely and indolent son of the sun who remonstrated against his master's urgency with the unanswerable protest, "Say, now, boss, what de use fur hurry so, when dere's all termorror ain' tech yit!"

E. C. L. B.

The Thought of God.

Has not the time come for escaping, in our own thought of the Infinite, that traditional definiteness of objective conception which ignores the essential fact that it is at once the substance of the soul itself, and the immeasurableness of being in which we dwell? We shall thus prepare for the swift and sure passing away of all anthropomorphic theories, by believing it possible to find inspiration as well as strength in receiving the harmonies and interpreting the discord of the world simply in the light of a lofty *faith in life itself*, without positing their inmost spirit in any distinctive object either without or within, beyond their own practical meaning as light, righteousness and love. This attitude itself will, I am persuaded, bring us into better understanding of the great forms of human faith most unlike those conceptions in which we have hitherto been trained.—*Samuel Johnson.*

THIS is the thing which I know, and which, if you labor faithfully, you shall know also, that in reverence is the chief joy and power of life. Reverence for what is pure and bright in your own life; reverence for what is true and tried in the lives of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvelous in the Powers that can not die.—*Ruskin.*

SURELY it is time we ceased to speak and act as if truth among Gentiles and truth among Christians were two wholly different things.—*Prof. Monier Williams.*

Correspondence.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—I wish to say a few words in regard to the excellent communication from Mr. Maxson on "The Peace that Passeth Understanding"; for while he has given us a truth, it seems to me that it is not the whole truth. Yes, all true faith must be founded on reason in the broadest sense of the term. If not all, a large part of faith is gained from experience through reason, which by interpreting the facts of life furnishes ground for trust. If any sound faith is not derived from experience it comes by intuition, which most people agree in classing rather with intellect than with feelings.

All this was said in the article referred to; but more can be said: Sound faith transcends the understanding in two ways.

I. Faith is the product of long and wide experience, extending not only through one life but through countless generations which by tradition and by heredity have handed down thoughts and ways of thinking. To recall these experiences—even the experiences of a single life—is impossible; but the mind has been convinced by them so thoroughly that it will retain its convictions when the grounds for holding them are half forgotten. Thus the Christian prays and trusts his prayers will be answered, because time and again he has felt strength and inspiration to come from prayer—felt and forgotten—but the prayer instinct and the prayer trust thus cradled live and thrive in spite of petition after petition unanswered. And the Christian, rationalist that he is in his little way, in seeking a reason for his trust, says some one hears his prayers and answers them. To illustrate again, the Christian believes that if he does his duty God will take care of him. He thinks he has learned it from the Bible, but the truth is his own life and the lives of other persons, perhaps even the birds and the flowers have taught him this.

And trust is so common that men do not reflect upon it very much. But when they do reflect they try to say what it is they trust. Some say God, some Jesus, some law, some humanity, some themselves. Each of these answers is true, but none of them tells the whole truth, and if they should all be combined into one, that one answer would be true but inadequate. These separate answers are the centers of separate theologies. Sometimes one turns "infidel" to the theology which he has held; but he soon finds that he has about as much faith as before. He thought he was losing the essentials of his faith, but really the essentials are beyond his understanding. Thus we find the essential unity of all religions, for each one is an attempt to express the universal faith. And because the faith is so great there is room for all these varying expressions of it.

II. Again, faith surpasses the intellect because it contains an element of feeling. It is not simply confidence, but confidence in something pleasant or desirable. For example, belief that infractions of the laws of health are sure to be followed by unpleasant consequences is not faith, but belief in the recuperative tendencies of nature is faith because it is a confidence in something desirable. This element of feeling is important because feelings vary so much. What one man desires another may hate, and thus one man's faith may be another's terror. It is a matter of common observation how strongly most men of our country and of Europe desire a future life. Yet we find in the East Buddhism promising to free men from the burden of existence. Here are two large faiths, the Buddhist in death, the Christian in deathlessness—two opposite poles of thought linked by the one name, Faith, because they are also linked by the one joy of anticipation. If those oppressed by doubt as to whether there is a future life would doubt manfully, they might find their very doubt a faith. They might find this life the more significant, responsibility greater, because they know no beyond; and they might find blessedness in the hope of joining

"The choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In lives made better by their presence."

To sum up briefly what we have said, all faiths are alike. First, because different theologies are inadequate expressions of a common thought too great for comprehension. Secondly, because all men have like feelings, though often the objects which excite the same feeling are unlike for different persons.

J. C. ALLEN.

Rochester, N. Y.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—I have a word to say regarding cheap reading. I think it would be better for the people if books, and papers, too, cost more. That is if additional cost would prevent people from reading so much.

In my opinion nearly all the people of my acquaintance read too much. Some of them are sad victims of mental dyspepsia, but they pride themselves on the large amount of reading they do.

Probably all thinking people will agree that accounts of crimes are better left unread, in fact, that the large amount of poor literature of whatever kind, may better be left unread. But I will go farther and say that in this day there is such a large amount of good literature that it is by all means best to leave much of *it* unread.

Suppose you sat at a sumptuously furnished table, would you feel in duty bound to eat until nothing remained? I hope not. If you could sit at such a table every day, would you continue to gorge yourself?

Not if you are sensible.

Think for yourself. Read only on subjects which have especial interest for you, and after reading digest what you have read. Hold only to that which seems true in your reading. Don't make a store-house for rubbish of your mind.

People should strive to hold opinions of their own. When I ask a man for his opinion on a subject, I don't wish him to give me Herbert Spencer's opinion, and I don't like to hear him say, "Well, Huxley says so and so."

Slavery to reading and to other people's opinion is little better than other slavery, although it is voluntary.

I am aware that the fault of over reading is one that will die in time, but at present it is serious.

Respectfully,

CARRIE SANBORN.

Greeley, Colorado.

Church Door Pulpit.

The Upper Current.

BY CHARLES F. DOLE.

Friend, go up higher.—*Luke 14:10.*

We will often see at the seashore a curious effect of winds and clouds. Low down, on the level of the water, the wind will be at the east, driving in fog. But above, if you will look up, the wind is different. Far above, the clouds drive from the west. Patches of blue sky will be seen. The storm is over; the settled weather is coming. We can think of a little bird now, that has been flying about in the fog and the easterly wind, happening to rise till the mists grow thin. She comes out at last into the clear upper current, and a new world is disclosed.

There are such counter currents of air and cloud effects in the lives of men. We, who live in the lowlands, have a great deal of drizzling easterly weather. We mean the days when things seem against us. Our work does not go to our mind; the news is untoward and threatening of evil tidings; the failure of crops, bankruptcies, rise of prices, loss of income. Temptations beset us and drag us their way, as though we had no momentum to resist. The thing which we do is wrong, we say, but it is not *we* who do it. It is all society that drifts us along with it. It is the tide of custom or habit. We can not help ourselves. We have seen beautiful ideals on other days, and we would rather see them always. We would choose to move towards them, and not away. But now the wind is due east, and we are borne with it.

The wind is due east on some days in our homes. Things buffet us. Petty temptations, unworthy of grown men and women, seize us, as though another and drearier atmosphere had got into the house. It changes the look of familiar objects, it changes the pitch of the voices. Things and persons are not beautiful in this misty light. We are not beautiful or lovable to ourselves, but appear at our worst. This is not of our choice; we dislike it, we prefer to be buoyant and cheerful. We despise the sordid drift of indolence, pettishness and self-indulgence. It is not *we* that are at fault, it is this wretched east wind, we say.

It is a prevailing east wind that blows in politics. Things simply go wrong in politics. The other party is wrong, of course, but our own party is hardly better. Public spirit, disinterestedness, patriotism, noble conduct, large-hearted men,—we do not see them. On the contrary, this cold easterly wind drags us where we do not like to go, to partisan conduct which we could not approve. It is not *we* that go wrong and vote wrong and compromise. For we would rather be right; we would prefer to stand by our ideals of economy, justice, public spirit. The atmosphere that we all live in together is bad and depressing.

There is an easterly current that many men know in religion. They can not see far in it, but what they see is distorted. Strange, grotesque, superstitious ideas stand out. In this hazy atmosphere, religion looks like any other earthly thing, as one would not distinguish the face and summit of a mountain, when the mists were piled up against it.

Every thinking man is apt to look out on the great world at times, in the face of this cold easterly air. The landmarks and the stars are not there. It seems as if they had never been there nor could be again. The whole horizon is little. The observer is alone, one tiny life battling in the face of the mystery. Life, death, things present, things to come,—the drift of all is low. Like the little bird, chilled and wet, the individual soul seems unable to withstand. Where the drift goes why shall he not be carried?

We can not deny the facts of this easterly spiritual weather. Some men, in particular, stand where they feel very much of this kind of raw weather. What they say is true. Where they are there is a heavy drift the wrong way, that falls on them and makes their position harder than the average. Suppose that you were brought up the son of an honorable father, and taught to love truth and only the truth. And suppose you were put into an office or a store where men tell you by words and acts, every day of your life, that you can not be perfectly honest and succeed. And suppose you were reared on the stories of Salamis and Bunker Hill and Washington's life, till you believed public service the noblest calling, and now your party leaders assure you that you can not win an election without spending money and conniving at fraud. And suppose that you were brought up to believe that God sees every act, so that it is not safe to do wrong, and now you are surrounded by men who act as though there were no God at all, and every man must look out for himself. Thus great numbers of men and women stand where the wind blows steadily from the east, in business, society, politics. Many give way and drift. Others think that they must argue and battle for their morals and their religion. The more the storm drives, the more stoutly they must hold their own, as though in the teeth of the world. This course has often been preached. The story of John Ward is the story of a brave man, who, in the midst of what he believed an evil, untoward age, sternly set his face to resist. Here and there may be seen men of this type who simply confess that things are against them, who yet believe and do right with grim sheer force. They are fighting evil on its level and quite alone.

We do not, however, believe that this course is practicable except for a very few select souls. Few men are made to resist the drift of the indisputable facts and the multitude about them in this solitary way. Neither do the few who merely resist accomplish much. You stand up and fight against an overwhelming majority,—you call men hard names and wicked, you denounce your own generation as evil. What of it, even though you are right? Men crush you, or else pass you by. They call you an unpractical fool, while the great drift that sets in from the deep, carries them on and chills you, who stand against it alone. No, there is wanted some force bigger than the protesting, resisting individual. There is wanted some divine force outside and above the multitude. The world is too big, the currents and drifts are too tremendous, to show mercy to solitary persons who set themselves up to resist. We see this in a thousand examples. You can not go upon the great stock exchange where every man wants to make money more than anything else, and you want to make money more than anything else, and feeling that mighty drift you can not stand up and denounce the evil ways of the exchange. You can not, upon the floor of Congress, where every one is seeking his own ends, and where you too are possessed with partisan zeal and swept thus by the common current,—you can not make fight against partisanship. The multitude of men with their vast impulses are always too strong for the disapproving individual.

What shall we say then? Shall we accept the drizzling easterly facts and confess that they are too much for us, and not even stand and resist them? Not at all. We preach that something else is also true. The facts that drag on us and chill us are not all the facts. Above us the opposite fair weather current that blows from the west and the hills of God, is a fact, too. Higher up, the shining of the sun and the clear air are facts. They are perfectly incomprehensible facts as long as we have the east wind in our faces. But suppose that the little bird that happened to soar a little above us, has sent down his cry of joy, telling the change of weather above. Suppose that we, too, follow the cry where the mists lighten. We speak of things which we know. There is an altitude where one emerges from the lower current of life, and comes out into a different scene. The mists are below. The great landmarks are in sight. The eyes are clear; the air bracing and dry. The great world is different, the proportions are changed. At this altitude there is nothing to fight or resist. We are in the embrace of a great force that goes our way and carries everything likewise.

But what about the facts that we were just contemplating, the disobedience or the fretfulness of our children, the irresponsiveness or littleness of our friends, the fierce strife about us to be rich, the weight of evil customs that drag on character and society? Somehow from this altitude the aspect of these things has changed also. Were we tempted, stung with personal pain, to punish the children? Now we look on them with kindly pity. Their fretfulness was only a phase of their growth. We will treat it as a physician treats a rash or a fever, with remedies to soothe and cure. Were we tempted to answer back to our resentful friend? We are not even tempted to answer back now. Our friend is the victim of the bad weather below. Shall we hurt him still more, by anger or reproach? We still see the bad practices, habits and tastes in society and in trade. But it is evident now that the trouble with men is deeper than their habits or their moral symptoms. What troubles them is the low current, where they are now swept. What they need is to see things differently. They must get out of the low, damp weather into this westerly air; they will go right then of themselves. It will be as easy to go right, as it is now hard.

We say the same thing now of the whole disagreeable trend of things, which a little while ago marked the outlook of the world. This world went wrong, we had thought. But at this altitude, where the wind ceased to blow east and began to blow west, we see a new light in the old facts. There are mists and earth currents, there are points where the wind blows in your face, but these are part of the process of clearing, they are eddies of the vast world current above. This world current is constant, if you rise high enough. It is clearly not the stars and the hills that come and go. The mists come and go, but the hills and the stars are always there.

Some one objects, that a man is not a bird, to soar when he likes, he has to stay where he is put. Yes, his body has to stay, but there is that in him which always can soar. It is the nature of man to rise above himself and his surroundings. Who has never tried these wings of the spirit? Who does not know of the facts of altitude which we describe? Who has not looked on the facts on the low plane, and in a moment, as though by miracle, seen the same facts from the new elevation, and known to a certainty that the old view was false, and the new view was true.

Can any one tell us what this new current that sets above is? Let it stand then, for the beneficent Will, or the life of God. Above, and on the whole over all, it looks as if good reigns supreme. Evil is the fog that comes and goes. Good is the reality that abides. At our best we always see this. To ascend into this world current is to give ourselves up to this will of God, and let it breathe on us and bear us, to rest in it and trust it. Here is a current stronger than the other. It was a fight to stay in the other, and not be borne off my feet with the passions and greeds that swept about me. Here a higher passion and joy possess me. Here I am bound with a vaster momentum. Here I want to do what the beneficent love bids. I stand again on the roaring street or the stock exchange, I do not wish to jostle and crowd, I do not wish to have my own will, I wish to do whatever is just. I wish others to share in my good. This is not my little will, it is the force of the life of God that I share.

In Tolstoi's "War and Peace," there are certain thrilling passages in the life of Prince Andrew, where, first on the battle-field, and again, wounded to death, and again, before he dies in the arms of his betrothed, to this man who has been a skeptic, sore hurt and grieved with the pettiness of life, a view is disclosed of the clear sky above, and the eternal realities. In the presence of these, all the pain and disappointment of life pass out of sight, and love and faith abide. The discords of life become harmonized. The knotty problems find solution. Subjects tangled together, and masses of indiscriminate knowledge, are related together into beauty and simplicity. It is all in the altitude, it all depends upon getting into the upper current. It is comprehended in one sacred and simple formula: "Thy will be done." Whoever says that from his heart, whoever rests on that, whoever lets that good will bear his life unresisting, whoever, having forgotten the secret, returns to the light and says it again, has found God and heaven. What shall oppress the soul that believes in eternal good? What shall hurt or resist the soul upborne by the will of the Eternal? "What shall we say then to these things? "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

We have been preaching a most venturesome doctrine, some one may say. What! is not life a battle? Is not the key-note self-sacrifice? Is not its chief work to resist evil and quench self? No, we have said. Life ought not to be a battle. God did not create his children to be victims and sufferers. He does not make vice and greed stronger than justice. He does not mean love and truth to wear a hard and terrible aspect. He meant them to be what they are, beautiful. He meant life to be large, rich, hearty, joysome, trustful. Else it would not be God.

That this is so is the very meaning of gospel, that is, good tidings. It is not good tidings that you must resist and always resist evil, as though evil were the chief power in the world. It is gospel that there is an upper world current into which if you will move, evil will be beneath. It is gospel that the upper current, if you will trust it, will bear you towards good. It is gospel that your nature is of the nature of God, to love good and not evil. Come up into the upper current, cries every soul that has tried it. "Friend, go up higher." This was the doctrine of Jesus. This was the only sense in calling Christianity a new religion. This is the truth that stands secure, quite above the doubts and contentions of creeds and theologies. It is to help men into this upper current, to change altogether the aspects of life, that churches and prayer and preaching have their chief use. It is to lift men into this attitude that the old Christ story is re-enacted over and over. "Stand where I stand, trust the wings of your spirit, soar," says the Christ story. "Stand where we stand, soar," cry a never ceasing, increasing multitude of witnesses, as though not one bird alone, but a whole flock of birds, had found the westerly air, the hills and the shining of the constant sun.

I have in mind a wonderful transformation scene that happened at the seashore, some summers ago. The weather had been thick, the hills shrouded, the harbor filled with fog. We were in a little boat, rowing in the fog. Here and there voices could be heard, but otherwise we seemed alone on the face of the water. Would it ever clear off? Suddenly, the great westerly current, which unknown to us, had been making its way over the continent, blowing the mists wherever it came, swept the sky clear above us. The hilltops came out, irradiated with the sunlight. We were not alone, but other boats and other men were with us again. And yet, for a few moments more, the old mists and the clinging fog fought for their life with the overpowering westerly breeze. About every little island and along the shores and against the sides of the hills, whose tops already emerged, the films still hung. There were creatures and men yet wrapped in their shrouds, who did not know that the weather had cleared and the sun was out; even now far to the east, where the mists were being irresistibly driven, a black line marked the point beyond which ships and men still anxiously awaited the night.

It was a parable of the blowing of the spirit of God. It was a parable of the new life of love and good will in which all men are made to live and be glad as often as they will give themselves to its genial current and obey its direction. It was a prophecy of what is already taking place in the world. And some are out in the open bay or upon the hills, who can already see its marvelous beauty. But some are under the shores and some are far out to the eastward, who can not see yet. And long, long ago, the bird-note of promise came down of the glad spirits of those who always knew and always predicted the light. For the spirit of man, made one with the spirit of God, always has known that where God is, there light rules forevermore.

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Gospel Criticism and Historical Christianity. By Orello Cone, D.D., New York: G. P. Putman's Sons.

No notice here can do this book justice; but we shall be glad to bring it to the attention of UNITY readers. It treats a subject which all theological students are required to investigate. It does this in a scholarly way, with ample reference to the best sources of criticism. It does it with a candor and fairness of tone well calculated to disarm prejudice and lead men into a knowledge of the truth. Indeed we know no work so well adapted to give a full and concise knowledge of the present conclusions of the best scholars of the New Testament as this.

At the same time we are glad to believe that except for theological students interested in the history of polemics the day is coming when such dissertations will be little read. The conclusions herein arrived at, which have been reached through a great deal of research and controversy, will be taken for granted. The natural evolution and the natural meaning of the gospels will be so apparent, that we shall no longer need to arm ourselves with all the weapons, and provide ourselve with all the *impedimenta* of criticism, in order to understand or enjoy them. We shall take them up as we do any other classic. We shall treat them as we treat any other good literature of the religious sort. We shall receive such truths and sentiments as appeal to us, without being greatly concerned as to exactly where, when, and by whom they were uttered, or as to the many offices and meanings which the church has put upon them.

But this does not invalidate the use and service of this book. It has been wrought out with great skill and patience. It is to be unconditionally recommended to any who wish to know the best that has been said on the authorship and composition and historical value of the gospels. L.

Fourteen to One. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price $1.25.

The above collection of stories is by one of our favorite authors, whom yet we feel to be justly condemned in many quarters for artificiality of sentiment and literary mannerism. But we always read Miss Phelps with absorbed interest and deep moral profit, especially in her shorter stories, where she is necessarily obliged to hold herself in reserve, and where there is less risk that a really noble theme or motive may be half spoiled in the execution, as in Avis. This latest collection includes such new favorites as "Jack the Fisherman," "The Madonna of the Tubs," "A Brave Deed," "His Relict," etc. They are all marked by those qualities of humor, pathos, and a fine, discerning intelligence which are found in all this writer's work, and have won for her a deserved and widespread fame.

Tourmalin's Time Cheques. By F. Anstey. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co. Paper, 25 cents.

Another remarkable extravaganza by the author of "Vice Versa." The conceipt of the story is the depositing of surplus time with the "Anglo-Australian Joint Stock Time Bank," which holds the surplus hours and minutes until the depositor is in need of leisure or recreation, when he presents a check and has the time returned to him. The humor is well sustained and the style charming.

Periodicals.

THE *Forum* for August contains three articles on Russia and the Jews, by Dr. F. H. Geffcken, who writes of "Russian Finance," Isaac A. Houswitch, who discusses the recent persecutions in that country, and by Baron de Hirsch, who describes his plan of colonization. President Walker writes of "Immigration and Degradation," aiming to show the deteriorating influences of foreign immigration on our native population. "The Chilian Struggle for Liberty" forms the subject of an essay by Ricordo L. Trumbull. An interesting and well-written essay by George E. Woodberry follows, on "Literature in the Market Place," in which the writer discusses the relation of commercial motives to the growth of true literature:

"Our national life has been rather of the Roman cast. Our great achievements have been political, military and engineering. Our renown rests on these. Our literature has been incidental; but, modest as it is, it is much cared for by a considerable and influential part of the people. It will be welcomed in the future as it has been in the past; but great authors must still be content to write from the inner impulse and to wait for their fortunes, without much care for the money that may be gained."

SIMON STERNE gives a description of the London Underground Electric Railway. The "Profits of Fruit Culture in California," are set forth in an article by Ex-Governor L. A. Sheldon. Edward P. Clark considers the question, "Does Public Life Give Long Careers?" taking an encouraging view on the whole of modern political life. Dr. Fridtjof Mansen, the explorer of Greenland, writes of the "New Route to the North Pole," which he proposes to demonstrate practically in a polar expedition the coming year. Gen. A. W. Greely follows in an article questioning the merit of this enterprise and predicting its failure. The number closes with an article by George G. Williams, president of the Chemical National Bank of New York, on "The Causes of Gold Exports."

THE *Atlantic* opens with the chapters IV to VIII of Mrs. Catherwood's interesting story, "The Lady of Fort St. John." Mrs. H. W. Preston and Louise Dodge write jointly of "A Disputed Correspondence," viz., that of Seneca and the Apostle Paul. Readers of Henry James will welcome the short story from his pen, "The Marriages." The *piece de resistance* in this number is perhaps Mr. John C. Ropes' essay on General Sherman, praiseful but critical also, to a degree. The Nature articles are supplied by Edith Thomas and Olive Thorne Miller, the former continuing her garden notes, the latter writing of some wood-peckers under the title, "Two Little Drummers." Of congenial interest to these are the two Sweet-pea poems by Charles G. D. Roberts and Julie M. Lippmann. Mr. Stockton continues his characteristic story of "The House of Martha." Agnes Repplier's essay on "The Oppression of Notes," may be taken as a plea against pedantry in the form of learned notes and appendices which hinder much natural enjoyment in reading. W. D. McCracken writes of "Six Centuries of Self-Government," in Switzerland. Mr. Stedman's tribute to Lawrence Barrett, in the poem, "Harebell," is finely conceived and happily executed. There are some good reviews of Mrs. Sutherland Orr's recent work on Browning and Murray's Memoirs.

THE *New England Magazine* studies the timely as well as the good, in its usual fashion. Colonel Albert Clarke gives an account of the State of Vermont, the article being illustrated with some fine engravings. Henry R. Gledhill discusses "The Harvard Senior," urging that the average Harvard man needs vigor and order, and with these greater power of decision. Charles Lewis Slattery pleads for the public schools, claiming that the private school is superior only in so far as it is more fashionable. His subject is striking and suggestive; "A Remedy for American Philistinism." Charles E. Waterman, a fellow-townsman of the hero of his sketch, writes of "The Birthplace of Hannibal Hamlin," Paris, Me. William Howe Downes writes of "The Literature of the White Mountains." The stories are by Mary E. Brush and Eliza Orne White. A new serial is begun by Ellen Mervin Heaton, "The Odor of Sanctity." The Harvard essays are published in this number. W. D. McCracken contributes one of his Swiss articles, "The Rise of the Swiss Confederation," about to celebrate its four-hundredth anniversary.

THE American Society of University Teaching have issued the first number of a monthly journal to be called the *University Extension*, which will serve as a medium of communication between the National Society and the local branches, and will give full information as to the progress of the work in all parts of the country. This journal, the yearly subscription to which is three dollars, will be sent free to all members of the society. Annual membership fee in the society is five dollars.

THE Humboldt Publishing Co., 19 Astor Place, New York, have announced a work that possesses extraordinary interest for the public in general, but not less for physicians and men of science, viz.: *Mental Suggestion*, by Dr. J. Ochorowicz. It is by far the greatest work ever published on the phenomena of Hypnotism and Animal Magnetism, treated both historically and critically. It is an original treatise, by a perfectly competent observer and experimenter, and not a mere compilation.

MR. BENJ. R. TUCKER, of Boston, will publish very shortly "Russian Traits and Terrors: A Faithful Picture of the Russia of To-day," by E. B. Lanin (a collective signature, employed by several contributors to the *Fortnightly Review*). This work out-Kennans Kennan in its description of the atrocities practiced by the Russian government, and includes the ode written by Swinburne in justification of tyrannicide.

THE *Woman's Journal* is authority for the statement that the manuscripts of all George Eliot's novels, except the "Scenes of Clerical Life," have become the property of the British Museum. She left them to the museum after the death of Mr. Lewes. The handwriting is described as "beautifully neat and clear."

THE publishing firm of Nims & Knight, Troy, New York, will issue in September a collection of love poems, selected by John W. Chadwick. It is safe to predict the merit of such a volume, which like "Tender and True" will be especially fitted for use as a wedding gift. We shall give the work more extended notice when it appears.

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Liberty and Life.

Seventeen discourses by E. P. POWELL, on the applications of scientific truth to morals and religion. Some of the titles of the separate lectures are: Life and Death, what they are; Sinning against the Holy Spirit; A Sound Mind in a Sound Body; The True Life; The Doing Creed; A Substitute for Orthodoxy; Character; The Religion of the Future.

Buffalo Express:—One must go far before finding more incentive to break loose from the habit most of us have of letting other people do our thinking for us, than there is in LIBERTY AND LIFE. Its author is earnest, honest and interesting.

Albany Argus:—The style is clear and forcible, and the author shows himself abreast of modern thought.

Oberlin Review:—If there is any helpful inspiration to be given by one who denies the personality of God, and adores "the working force of the Universe," of which "man is the factor," in his stead, this book gives that inspiration.

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Christian Register:—The title of this collection of discourses well expresses the elements they reveal. They ring with liberty and are surging with life. Though the author has a deep philosophy, he is careful in his sermons not to sink into the depths of profundity, or, on the other hand, to preach over the heads of his hearers. His terse, direct, ringing sentences strike home.

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Notes from the Field.

Geneseo, Ill.—The following is from one of the local press announcing the resignation of Rev. James Minnick:

GENESEO, July 18th, 1891.

TO THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF GENESEO: It is with deep regret that I tender you my resignation as pastor of the society after a short ministry. Convinced, however, that both the interests of the society and my own domestic happiness demand it, I can not hesitate in the course clearly pointed out to me to go. I shall ever remember with sincerest gratitude the kind words of sympathy and hearty grasp of the hand and substantial help extended to us in this our hour of misfortune.

Respectfully yours,
JAS. MINNICK.

GENESEO, July 20th, 1891.

TO REV. JAMES MINNICK: *Dear Friend and Brother:* At a meeting of the First Unitarian Society of Geneseo, held July 19th, your letter of resignation as pastor of the society was read and accepted. With you we deeply regret that your services as pastor to us have so soon closed. You have our sincere respect and sympathy and we cordially commend you for your faithfulness to duty, your manly integrity and fine ability, which you have proved while serving us. You have won our high esteem and good will, with that of all good citizens, by your gentlemanly demeanor and scholarly interest in all things pertaining to the welfare of society. We sincerely trust that the way may brighten wherever you fare, and the blessings you so well deserve may come to your heart and home. Respectfully yours, M. J. Miller, chairman; Jas. McBroom, secretary; John Goss, Ben White, George A. Brown, Curtis Martin, George Dedrick. Board of Trustees in behalf of the Society. —By advice of the best medical authority Mr. Minnick will seek hospital treatment for his wife, but just where has not yet been fully decided upon. While the kindly feeling of his society here toward him finds full expression in the correspondence above, certain worthy acts additional thereto attest as powerfully the friendship felt for the retiring pastor, one among them being the tender of salary till October 1st.

Belmond, Iowa.—Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes of Humboldt, has been utilizing his vacation in some missionary work here, preaching August 2 two sermons on "The World's Nameless Saviour," and "The Religion of Character." A correspondent, Mr. J. L Seward, from that locality, writes us that these meetings were a decided innovation in that orthodox community, but most welcome to a few isolated liberals. He hopes a worthy harvest may spring from this seed sowing, and shows his own practical interest in the work by starting a Sunday Circle. He speaks a word of hearty praise for Mr. Byrnes, who "has every Sunday engaged in starting and kindling new fires," and seems to prefer this work of "organizing liberal camps in place of reclining in a hammock at some resort of pleasure."

Boston.—Rev. M. J. Savage is about taking a trip to the Pacific cities. His latest book contains his sermons on "Four great questions," viz.: 1st. Can we think God? 2nd. Can we trust God? 3d. May we pray to God? 4th. May we worship God? It is bought by persons in all the denominations. —Rev. J. W. Chadwick will preach the sixteenth in Dorchester (suburb).

Painesville, Ohio.—Rev. I. D. Lovett has pitched his tent here, and proposes to see what can be done in the way of organizing churches in Painesville, Ashtabula, and other neighboring towns. UNITY readers in northeastern Ohio would do well to communicate with him. He expects to begin holding services at Painesville the first of September.

Hinsdale, Ill.—The members of Unity church at this place are happy in the acceptance of the pastorate of their church by Professor A. W. Gould, of Manistee, Mich. We welcome Mr. Gould in this nearer advance towards Chicago.

Meadville, Pa.—Rev. Thomas J. Volentine, recently of Duluth, Minn., has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Independent Congregational (Unitarian) church.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Mr. Carl G. Horst, of the Meadville class of 1890, succeeds Mr. Fenn as pastor of Unity Church.

The Exchange Table.

THE saddest experience that can come to any husband or wife is an acquiescent separation, and this experience is lived in too many homes. One, and sometimes both, are looking forward to the time when the first days of their married life will be lived over again; when there will be more money to hire servants, or when the children will be grown. If we could count on the future there would be a degree of safety in trusting this future time for happiness. But death, mental growth for one and not for the other, and loss of mental power, are the terrible possibilities that stand in the path of that future. Each month, yes, each day, is a link in a chain, or a bar between two souls who are interdependent for their happiness, responsible for the happiness of all who share the home or house they create. A mother who sacrifices her husband's companionship to the children that are alike the bond and the burden of each is not a wise mother; the short-sightedness that is at the root of her misconception prevents the clear spiritual perception necessary to the true mother. The first essential in every home is love, and it is not the quantity in the home, but the quality and disposition of it, that makes its happiness. No outer and visible bond can hold the souls of a husband and wife in unison. Companionship, close and intimate, that has in it the spiritual power to shut out every object in life at times except each other, and find heaven and God in those moments, is the only true relation between husband and wife. The children are better loved, more wisely governed, more spiritually trained, when the two souls made one by love are their guardians. That is a home rather than a house, where such love is, and the children are nearer perfection when it is a united force, not a divided power, that makes the law and light under which they live.—*Christian Union.*

THE essence of reform sentiment has rarely been better stated than in these words of Emerson's: "The history of reform is always identical; it is the comparison of the idea with the fact." Ethics pledges us to the reform side. If we take our stand on necessity, we shall go for the conservative, he says; if on ethics, for the reformer. The inspiration of such a view is the thought that human nature is not the measuring thing we ordinarily take it to be; the conviction "that there is an infinite worthiness in man which will appear at the call of worth." All particular reforms are but the removing of some impediment. For we must see, "that the world not only fits the former men, but fits us," and "clear ourselves of every usage which has not its roots in our own mind." "What is man born for but to be a *Re*-former, a re-maker of what man has made, ... imitating that great nature which embosoms us all, and which sleeps no moment in an old past, but every hour repairs herself, yielding us every morning a new day, and with every pulsation a new life?" Hence ancient institutions should not have too much respect.—*From "Emerson's Views on Reform," by William M. Salter, in New England Magazine.*

SUCCESS is to add something to the world's stock of blessings, to lay the foundation of good, to be a helper, and through helping to grow in strength and fitness and disposition to help more and more. Not to pay your way, to be a burden and a hindrance instead of a blessing and help, to forfeit your opportunity, to grow weaker and worse instead of stronger and better—that is failure. Much that seems success is not, and many seeming failures are successes. No matter how large your income or how distinguished your achievements or honors, if you yourself are growing worse or not growing better your supposed gain is loss. But poverty and hardship and disgrace, if they chasten us into humbler faith and mould us to nobler purposes, making us stronger to labor and suffer, are blessings in disguise.—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

CALVIN was intolerant of any dissent, either papal or heretical, and his early followers in Europe and America abhorred religious toleration (in the sense of indifference) as a pestiferous error; nevertheless, in their conflict with re-actionary Romanism and political despotism they became the chief promoters of civil and religious liberty based upon respect for God's law and authority. The solution of the apparent inconsistency lies in the fact that Calvinists fear God and nothing else. In their eyes God alone is great, man is but a shadow. The fear of God makes them fearless of earthly despots. It humbles man before God, it exalts them before men. The fear of God is the basis of moral self-government, and self-government is the basis of true freedom.—*Philip Schaff, in the Independent.*

THERE is nothing more communicable than spiritual life. There is a self-propagating power about spiritual dispositions. Christ recognized this permeating character of spiritual life when he compared it to leaven. The active spiritual energy of one soul spreads to those around it, while they partake of its life. In spiritual things men are communists. They share with each other. It is this fact that is both the hope and the danger of the world. It opens up a way for the spread both of spiritual good and evil.—*Methodist Recorder.*

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THEODORE PARKER,

A LECTURE BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Edited by John H. Clifford and Horace L. Traubel.

The Open Court: The editors have brought together in this tastefully bound volume the substance of a lecture which Mr. Johnson had written on Theodore Parker, and which he had subjected to many revisions. Few may be regarded as so well qualified as Mr. Johnson to portray the tendencies of the great religious movement of which Theodore Parker was the leader: and additional value attaches to the work from the fact that it is not wholly eulogy, but also an estimate. "Parker," Mr. Johnson says, "is the prophet, the forerunner of that great future religion which shall be intellectually and spiritually broad, deep and earnest enough to lift all our present secular interests, our materialistic passions and desires to an ideal purpose."

Publishers' Weekly: This lecture was delivered by the author of "Oriental Religions" in 1860, shortly after the death of Theodore Parker. Since his own death in 1882, this lecture has been found among his papers, and it is thought a timely contribution to the literature now being issued by religious liberals of various schools. The lecture does not give detailed biographical data, but is a profound spiritual estimate of the character and services of Theodore Parker, who in his day stood alone "as the popularizer of thought, as the reducer of all wisdom to that simplicity and clearness which is the seizing of it with the whole soul and the giving of it with the whole heart, for practical and universal good."

Universalist Record: Certainly one of the richest biographies, one of the most delightful and inspiring little books of the year, is Samuel Johnson's *Theodore Parker*. Parker is living to-day, in the life of America, as never before. Since his death, he has taken full possession of Unitarianism, he has found his glorious way into every nook and corner of Universalism, he has risen until he overlooks and speaks the commanding religious word to all the liberal and liberalizing hosts of the land. Johnson's book is timely. It comes with freshness, vigor, sweetness, clearness and power, and it must reawaken the thoughtful and the loving to the life of one of the world's most candidly and bravely thoughtful, one of the world's most deeply and tenderly loving. Every minister ought to take it with him and read it during vacation. It will inspire two or three of the best sermons—perhaps a dozen of the best—for the coming year. Every man and woman of thoughtful religion ought to read it, for it will give a nobler standard of judgment and a finer appreciation of the minister's work.

The book is handsomely printed on heavy paper, with wide margins, tastefully bound, and makes an octavo volume of seventy-eight pages. The price, including postage, is ONE DOLLAR.

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THE AURORAPHONE,

A ROMANCE, BY CYRUS COLE.

Sprightly in style, sensible in its logic, and scientific in its denouements . . . accessories of out-of-door adventures and daring escapades, a ghost story and a love story artistically blended with the AURORAPHONE messages.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

The Gospel Banner—(Conservative Universalist)—says of the book: The purpose of it is commendable. It aims at delineating a possible world of human beings thoroughly united in pursuits, sympathies, successes, joys and sorrows, struggles and attainments—a unified world grounded on an all-pervasive and inclusive brotherhood, actuated by unity of beliefs respecting individual origin and destiny. . . . .

The ideas are much like those of the Gospel regarding a community of interests; if one member suffers, all suffer; if one is prosperous, joyous, happy, all partake of his experience, if not at once, then at some later period. It is an attempt to show what this world may be, what it yet will be, when the pure truth of the New Testament touching human origin and destiny, brotherhood and helpfulness shall be embodied in the minds and acts, the laws and institutions of the whole family of earth.

The Twentieth Century—(Radical Social Reform) says of the book: The Auroraphone opens as though it were merely a story of adventure, very well told indeed, but still a story of adventure. But the "hair-breadth 'scapes" of a party of young men, interspersed with many a ludicrous incident, really constitute the introduction to the more solid and valuable part of the book. The author has evidently read "Robert Elsmere," "Looking Backward," and other sociological and religious novels, and realizing their shortcomings as *novels* has not fallen into the error of introducing long and seemingly interminable discussions. The reader is never allowed to forget that he is reading a story, and thus the interest never flags. There have hitherto been religiously heterodox novels, and economically heterodox novels. "The Auroraphone" combines the heterodoxiness of both.

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The Home.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—He is always giving as fast as He can get us able to take it in.
Mon.—Heed not thy feelings; do thy work.
Tues.—I think God must prefer quality to quantity.
Wed.—The best preparation for a dreaded moment is the present well seen to.
Thurs.—To do one's duty constantly keeps the eye clear and the body full of light.
Fri.—God can touch nothing but to mould it into loveliness.
Sat.—God begs you to leave the future to to Him, and mind the present.
—*George Macdonald.*

On the Height.

Plant thy feet on solid ground
If thou would'st mount;
Find thy rill of truth rock-bound
At its fount.

Then when thou art on the height,
And eye doth sweep
A broad horizon set in light,
Thou shalt keep

Thy first appointment. With God? Yea!
Thy soul shall swing
Upward like a tide, alway
Hungering.

Lift meets lift there. Thou gain'st new will,
(God's will, then thine,)
And joy ineffable, and still
Rest divine.

This is the highest thou canst know,
The step beyond
All facts that lie thy feet below;
The one fond
Glorious gift God hath for thee
On every height;
Upbearing thy life tenderly
Through the night.

MARION LISLE.

The Triangle Club.

In the spring of 1890, the young people of the First Parish Church in Cambridge, organized a boys' club, known as the Triangle Club, in five rooms of a triangular tenement house in lower Cambridgeport. In fifteen months it has grown from three boys and about ten helpers to over eighty boys and forty-five helpers, and has added three classes of girls conducted under its auspices. The name seemed propitious. One boy said to our president, "'Mist' Child, ther've been several clubs and missions round here, which have not come to much, but when I heard the boys talk of the Triangle Club, I said to myself, 'That's got such a good, genteel name that it must be worth something.' You see, Mist' Child, it ain't called by no such name as 'Lower Port Mission.'" The number of boys increased so rapidly that it soon became necessary to limit them. Tickets to be shown at the door were also found desirable from the first. They bear the name of the boy, the number of his admittance, and the three evenings of the week when he has a right to the privileges of the rooms. To accommodate as many boys as possible, they were divided into two squads, each entitled to attend the club three evenings in the week. Any boy may come on an evening not rightfully his, provided he will go home quietly if the rooms should become overcrowded. The privilege has been extensively used and I do not remember a single case where the boys did not willingly comply with the conditions.

At first, each evening was in charge of distinct sets of workers, but there was much confusion from everybody's ignorance of what everybody else was doing and after the experiment of opening the rooms Sunday afternoons had been tried, and demonstrated the greater efficiency of a more compact organization, a board of eleven managers was formed, one of whom was to be at the rooms each evening and Sunday afternoon. This involved another change. Formerly the Triangle Club had been under the control of the Executive Committee of the Young People's Society. Henceforth it was to be ruled by its own managers, although still drawing from the treasury of the main society for about three hundred dollars a year. The rooms are open every evening from 7:30 to 9:30, and the officer in charge receives tickets, keeps an attendance list and a diary of the evening.

Besides opportunities for social intercourse, the Triangle Club offers the boys the three attractions of books, games and occasional lectures. Beginning with about a hundred books, they have now over six hundred, all carefully selected and approved by a committee of four. They are of all kinds, including biography, travels, history and books of reference as well as fiction. There are also periodicals. The club subscribes for the *North American Review*, the *Scientific American*, the *Century*, *Scribner's* and the *New England Magazine*, while various other magazines and weekly papers are sent by friends. The game department is in charge each evening of a game manager, whose duty it is to see that games are properly used and returned. Various lectures and talks have been given to the boys as a whole, while many lectures have also been given on different subjects to classes meeting at regular intervals. History, hygiene, chemistry, English grammar, book-keeping and wood-carving have been thus taught in classes. A debating society holds meetings weekly, and it is here that the first step has been taken towards putting the management of the club partly into the hands of the boys themselves. The debating society has chosen its own members and officers, at first with the one exception of the president. It was doubted at first by the managers whether the great jealousy between certain classes of the boys would allow this experiment of leaving the debating society entirely in their hands to succeed, but its success has been marvelous, and it is hoped that this may be the beginning of more such changes in the coming year. Music has also been enjoyed and a regular quartette has been organized. At first the songs were of a low order, but by degrees their character has been improved, and we have very creditable renderings of our most familiar hymns and the better class of secular songs.

Many incidents illustrating results of this work might be told. One poor boy, who had been one of our most careless and shiftless members, was absent several nights, and on investigation was found to be busy earning money for new clothes, so as to be fit to come to the club. Yet again, a colored boy, lying at death's door, was unhappy for days, until his friends sent for our president, who had befriended him. Other such incidents might be told, and if there were space much might be said of the work of the visiting committee among the homes.

Such is our work. I have, however, spoken of but one side of it. We hope also that in this work our young people may find a training in patience and unselfishness. Of that hope I may not speak here, but I could tell of more than one who has found such training, and of one man who has discovered in the opportunities of the Triangle Club his own proper sphere.

H. GORDON JOHNSON.

TOMMY.—Did you do much fighting during the war, pa?

Pa.—I did my share of it, Tommy.

Tommy.—Did you make the enemy run?

Pa.—You're right I did, Tommy.

Tommy.—Did they ketch you, pa?—*Ex.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Now, little boys, what do you know about Goliath? Freddy Fangle.—Please, ma'am, he was rocked to sleep.—*Selected.*

FOR THE TOILET

There is no more useful or elegant article than Ayer's Hair Vigor—the most popular and economical hair-dressing in the market. It causes the hair to grow abundantly and retain the beauty and texture of youth; prevents baldness, heals troublesome humors of the scalp and keeps it clean, cool, and healthy. Both ladies and gentlemen everywhere prefer Ayer's Hair Vigor to any other dressing for the hair. Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, E. Pittston, Me., writes: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time, and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and falling hair, so that I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor, my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor to any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair."

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A romance by Cyrus Cole. Cloth, 12mo, 249 pages, $1.00. Paper, 50 cents.

If, judging from the title, "The Auroraphone," one is led to think Mr. Cyrus Cole has written a tiresome treatise on some great scientific invention, it is the greatest mistake ever made. The "phone" plays an important and most interesting part in the travels of three jolly young men, who, with their "prairie schooner," determine to "do" the then wilds of Colorado. The story is such as will make the boys tingle with excitement, and wish they might have been of the number.—*Baltimore American.*

St. Solifer:

With other worthies and unworthies. By James Vila Blake. Cloth, 12mo, 179 pages, $1.00. Paper, 50 cents.

A delightful book, and restful to the worried and wearied soul. There are fourteen stories in it quaintly told like the fables of La Fontaine; and like them, each with a moral humorous and wise. Mr. Blake has caught the knack of story-telling in the idiom and style made familiar to us by the old English masters of the art; a style which even to imitate well requires genius, and a cultivated sense of humor. . . . In many respects these little stories are better than Rudyard Kipling's, and they ought to be widely read.—*The Open Court.*

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Cincinnati Times-Star: Here is something new. Here is a voice that ascends from the pioneer clearing in the forest, and chants, not the weak and effeminate rhymes of the singer in the gilded world, to whom life is a mere matter of conventionalities, but the strong earnest notes of one who has really seen and felt nature, and to whom living is still a matter of old-fashioned responsibility. He sings like a wood-bird, because he has something to sing, and this is one of the great merits of this modest volume of poems.

Literary World: Includes some unpretentious verses of decided poetical merit. The pioneer poems, which the author speaks of lightly, are, to our way of thinking, the best in the collection. Mr. Parker writes from the heart, his imagery is simple and appropriate to his themes, and while his command of expression is not elaborate, it suffices amply for his needs.

Boston Transcript: Mr. Parker is a "plain, blunt man," evidently, with good deal of poetry in his composition. He sings of the settler's life in the w[illegible] and there he is at his truest and best.

Alice Williams Brotherton, in Unity, Chicago: The poet has known the haunt of partridge and gray squirrel, the taste of may-apple and haw and hish paw-paw. Here is that "local color" for which our English critics have so often clamored, and the genuine

"Artless art that tarries long."

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Announcements.

The National Conference.

The fourteenth session of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches will be held at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., September 21 to 24, in the Town Hall.

Hon. George W. Curtis has been elected by the Council to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Justice Miller, and will preside at the opening.

The sermon before the conference will be preached in the Town Hall by Rev. R. A. Armstrong of Liverpool, Eng., Monday evening, September 21.

The mornings of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday will be devoted almost entirely to the practical work of our churches. Only two formal essays have been provided for,—one to close the session on Wednesday, by Hon. Carroll D. Wright of Washington, D. C., on "Marriage and Divorce," one to close the session on Thursday morning by Rev W. W. Fenn of Chicago, on "The Bible in Theology."

In order to gain the advantage of reduced rates on the various railroads west of Saratoga and south of New York, it will be necessary for local committees to arrange for a round-trip ticket from some point accessible to delegates. From Boston tickets will be sold at not more than $7 for the round trip.

GEORGE BATCHELOR.
General Secretary.

Charles H. Kerr & Co. have just brought out a new edition of Mr. James Vila Blake's "Legends from Storyland" in a pretty and unique binding. The cover is of dark olive-green vellum cloth, with the exception of the right half or two-thirds of the front cover, which is of white vellum daintily stamped in blue with an original design. The mailing price of the book has been reduced from a dollar to fifty cents, while the binding is a decided improvement over the first edition. We quote a few sentences from a recent letter from Mr. William I. Marshall, who had just finished reading the book: "I have been trying ever since to tell you how much not only I but my wife and daughter also enjoyed not only the "Legends," and the delicate analysis that makes so plain the lessons they ought to convey to all who read them; but also the quaint and appropriate illustrations, which not only please the eye by their beauty, but so truly *illustrate* the stories.

"It deserves, and I hope will find, thousands and tens of thousands of readers, all of whom will find at once pleasure and profit from it, and obtain new ideas (or have their old ones broadened) on the subject of the growth of religions.

"But few, comparatively, will reach the heights from which these views are to be seen, by the long, and patient and wearisome climbing, sometimes over pleasant, sunlit, fertile slopes, but oftener over dreary, desert wastes of rocks, and shifting sands and fields of ice, and by streams of bitter waters which it chanced to be my lot to take in a somewhat extended study of religious systems, and especially the abnormal ones. You have done the world a service by bringing those who have neither the time nor the inclination nor the patient, grim persistence needful for such rough climbing, by so much gentler and easier and more delightful paths, to a point of vantage whence they may behold the same charming prospect."

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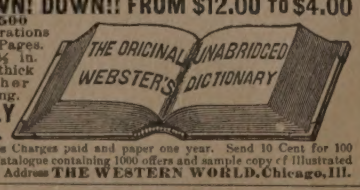

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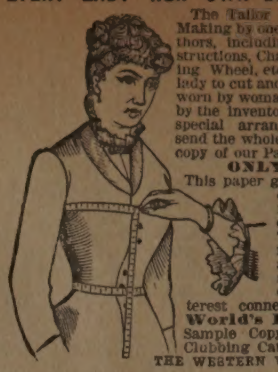

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